That to her brother which I ſaid to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no ſeruice on her ſorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a ſimpathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from bliſſe.

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy ſonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy ſelfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the King, he for the ſame,
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſonnes aliue,
And that ſhall be the raunſome for their fault.
Titus. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*,
Did euer Ranen ſing ſo like a Larke,
That giues ſweet tydings of the Sunnes vpriſe?
With all my hart, Ile ſend the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?
Lucius. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent: my hand will ſerue the turne,
My youth can better ſpare my blood then you,
And therefore mine ſhall ſaue my brothers liues.
Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reard aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Wrighting deſtruction on the enemies Caſtle?
Oh none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath bene but idle, let it ſerue
To raunſome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.
Moore. Nay come agree whoſe hand ſhall goe along,
For feare they die before their pardon come.
Marcus. My hand ſhall goe.
Lucius. By heauen it ſhall not goe.

Titus. Sirs ſtriue no more, ſuch withred herbs as theſe
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
Lucius. Sweet Father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
Marcus. And for our fathers ſake, and mothers care,
Now let me ſhow a brothers loue to thee.
Titus. Agree betweene you, I will ſpare my hand.
Lucius, Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.
Marc. But I will vſe the Axe. *Exeunt.*
Titus. Come hither *Aron*, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.
Moore. If that be cald deceit, I will be honeſt,
And neuer whilſt I liue deceiue men ſo:
But Ile deceiue you in another ſort,
And that youle ſay ere halfe an houre paſſe.

Hee cuts off Titus *hand.*

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Titus. Now ſtay your ſtrife, what ſhall be is diſpatcht:
Good *Aron* giue his Maieſtie my hand;
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merrited: That let it haue.
As for my ſonnes, ſay I account of them,
As iewels purchaſt at an eaſie price,
And yet deere too, becauſe I bought mine owne.
Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy ſonnes with thee.
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany,
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his ſoule blacke like his face.

Exit.
Titus